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FOR OUR

LORD'S RESURRECTION.



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H Y M N S

F O R O U R

LORD'S RESURRECTION.

H Y M N I.

1 **A**LL ye that seek the Lord who diéd,
Your God for sinners crucifiéd
Prevent the earliest dawn, and come,
To worship at his sacred tomb.

2 Bring the sweet spices of your sighs,
Your contrite hearts, and streaming eyes,
Your sad complaints, and humble fears ;
Come, and embalm him with your tears.

3 While thus ye love your souls to employ,
Your sorrow shall be turnéd to joy ;
Now, now let all your grief be o'er !
Believe ; and ye shall weep no more.

4 An earthquake hath the cavern shook,
And burst the door, and rent the rock,
The Lord hath sent his angel down,
And he hath rolléd away the stone.

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- 5 We now behold his garment white,
His countenance as lightening bright;
He sits, and waves a flaming sword,
And waits upon his rising Lord.
- 6 The third auspicious morn is come,
And calls your Saviour from the tomb,
The bands of death are torn away,
The yawning tomb gives back its prey.
- 7 Could neither seal nor stone secure,
Nor men, nor devils make it sure?
The seal is broke, the stone cast by,
And all the powers of darkness fly.
- 8 The body breathes, and lifts his head,
The keepers sink, and fall as dead,
The dead restored to life appear,
The living quake, and die for fear.
- 9 No power a band of soldiers have
To keep one body in its grave:
Surely it no dead body was,
That could the Roman eagles chase.
- 10 The Lord of life is risen indeed,
To death deliver'd in your stead;
His rise proclaims your sins forgiven,
And shews the living way to heav'n.
- 11 Haste then, ye souls that first believe,
Who dare the gospel-word receive,
Your faith with joyful hearts confess,
Be bold, be Jesu's witnesses.
- 12 Go tell the followers of your Lord,
Their Jesus is to life restored;
He lives, that they his life may find:
He lives to quicken all mankind.

H Y M N II.

- 1 **S**INNERS, dismiss your fear,
The joyful tidings hear !
This the word that Jesus said ;
O believe and feel it true :
Christ is risen from the dead,
Lives the Lord who died for you !
- 2 Haste, to his tomb repair,
And see the tokens there ;
See the place where Jesus lay,
Mark the burial clothes he wore,
Angels near his relicks stay,
Guards of him who dies no more.
- 3 Why then art thou cast down,
Thou poor afflicted one ?
Full of doubts, and griefs, and fears,
Look into that open grave !
Died he not to dry thy tears ?
Rose he not thy soul to save ?
- 4 Knowest thou not where to find
The Saviour of mankind ?
He hath borne himself away,
He from death himself hath freed,
He on the third glorious day,
Rose triumphant from the dead.
- 5 To purge thy guilty stain
He died and rose again :
Wherefore dost thou weep and mourn ?
Sinner, lift thine heart and eye,
Turn thee, to thy Jesus turn,
See thy loving Saviour nigh.
- 6 He comes his own to claim,
He calls thee by thy name :
A 3 Drooping

Drooping soul, rejoice, rejoice,
 See him there to life restoréd !
Mary—know thy Saviour's voice,
~~Here~~ it, and reply, *My Lord!*

H Y M N III.

- 1 **H**APPY *Magdalen*, to whom
 Christ the Lord vouchsaféd to appear !
 Newly risén from the tomb,
 Would he first be seen by her ?
 Her by seven devils possést,
 Till his word the fiends expelléd ;
 Quenchéd the hell within her breast,
 All her sins and sickness healéd.
- 2 Yes, to her the master came,
 First his welcome voice she hears ;
 Jesus calls her by her name,
 He the weeping sinner cheers,
 Lets her the dear task repeat,
 While her eyes again run o'er,
 Lets her wash his bleeding feet,
 Kifs them, and with joy adore.
- 3 Highly favouréd soul ! to her
 Farther still his grace extends,
 Raises the glad messenger,
 Sends her to his drooping friends :
 Tidings of their living Lord,
 First in their report they find :
 She must spread the gospel-word,
 Teach the teachers of mankind.
- 4 Who can now presume to fear ?
 Who despair his Lord to see ?
 Jesus, wilt thou not appear,
 Shew thyself alive to me ?

Yes,

Yes, my God, I dare not doubt,
 Thou shalt all my sins remove;
 Thou hast cast a legion out,
 Thou wilt perfect me in love.

- 5 Surely thou hast called me now!
 Now I hear the voice divine,
 At thy wounded feet I bow,
 Wounded for whose sins but mine?
 I have nailed him to the tree,
 I have sent him to the grave:
 But the Lord is risen for me,
 Hold of him by faith I have.

- 6 Here for ever would I lie,
 Didst thou not thy servant raise,
 Send me forth to testify
 All the wonders of thy grace.
 Lo! I at thy bidding go,
 Gladly to thy followers tell,
 They their rising God my know,
 They the life of Christ may feel.

- 7 Hear, ye brethren of the Lord,
 (Such he you vouchsafes to call)
 O believe the gospel-word,
 Christ hath died and rose for all:
 Turn ye from your sins to God,
 Haste to Galilee, and see
 Him, who bought thee with his blood,
 Him, who rose to live in thee.

HYMN

H Y M N IV.

- 1 JESUS, the rising Lord of all,
His love to man commends :
Poor worms he blushes not to call
His brethren and his friends.
- 2 Who basely all forsook their Lord
In his distress, and fled,
To thee he sends the joyful word,
When risen from the dead.
- 3 Go tell the vile deserters ! No :
My dearest brethren tell,
Their advocate to heavén I go,
To rescue them from hell.
- 4 Lo ! to my Father I ascend !
Your father now is he,
My God, and yours, whoe'er depend
For endless life on me.
- 5 Henceforth I ever live above
For you to intercede,
The merit of my dying love,
For all mankind to plead.
- 6 Sinners, I rose again to shew,
Your sins are all forgivén,
And mount above the skies, that you
May follow me to heavén,

H Y M N V.

1 **O**BJECT of all our knowledge here,
 Our one desire, and hope below,
 Jesus, the crucified, draw near,
 And with thy sad disciples go;
 Our thoughts and words to thee are known,
 We commune of thyself alone.

2 How can it be our reason cries,
 That God should leave his throne above?
 Is it for man the immortal dies!
 For man, who tramples on his love!
 For man, who nailed him to the tree!—
 O love! O God! He died for me!

3 Why then, if thou for me hast died,
 Dost thou not yet thyself impart?
 We hoped to feel thy blood applied,
 To find thee risen in our heart,
 Redeemed from all iniquity,
 Saved, to the utmost saved through thee.

4 Have we not then believed in vain,
 By Christ unsanctified, unfreed?
 In us he is not risen again:
 We know not but he still is dead;
 No life, no righteousness we have,
 Our hopes seem buried in his grave.

5 Ah! Lord, if thou indeed art ours,
 If thou for us hast burst the tomb,
 Visit us with thy quickening powers,
 Come to thy mournful followers come,
 Thyself to thy weak members join,
 And fill us with the life divine.

6 Thee,

- 6 Thee, the great prophet sent from God,
Mighty in deed, and word we own;
Thou hast on some the grace bestowéd,
Thy rising in their hearts made known;
They publish thee, to life restoréd,
Attesting they have seen the Lord.
- 7 Alas for us, whose eyes are held!
Why cannot we our Saviour see?
With us thou art, yet still concealéd,
O might we hear one word from thee!
Speak, and our unbelief reprove,
Our baseness to mistrust thy love.
- 8 Fools as we are, and slow of heart,
So backward to believe the word!
The prophets only aim thou art:
They sang the sufferings of their Lord,
Thy life for ours a ransom givén,
Thy rising to ensure our heavén.
- 9 Ought not our Lord the death to die,
And then the glorious life to live?
To stoop, and then go up on high?
The pain, and then the joy receive?
His blood the purchase-price lay down,
Endure the cross, and claim the crown?
- 10 Ought not the members all to pass
The way their head had passéd before?
Through sufferings perfected he was,
The garment dipt in blood he wore,
That we with him might die, and rise,
And bear his nature to the skies!

H Y M N VI.

- 1 **C**OME then, thou prophet of the Lord,
 Thou great Interpreter divine,
 Explain thine own transmitted word;
 To teach and to inspire is thine;
 Thou only canst thyself reveal,
 Open the book, and loose the seal.
- 2 Whate'er the ancient prophets spoke
 Concerning thee, O Christ, make known,
 Sole subject of the sacred book,
 Thou fillest all, and thou alone;
 Yet there our Lord we cannot see,
 Unless thy spirit lend the key.
- 3 Now, Jesu, now the veil remove,
 The folly of our darkened heart,
 Unfold the wonders of thy love,
 The knowledge of thyself impart;
 Our ear, our inmost soul we bow;
 Speak, Lord; thy servants hearken now.
- 4 Make not as thou wouldst farther go,
 Our friend, and counsellor, and guide,
 But stay, the path of life to show,
 Still with our souls vouchsafe to abide,
 Constrained by thy own mercy stay,
 Nor leave us at our close of day.
- 5 Come in, with thy disciples fit,
 Nor suffer us to ask in vain,
 Nourish us, Lord, with living meat,
 Our souls with heavenly bread sustain:
 Break to us now the mystic bread,
 And bid us on thy body feed.

- 6 Honour the means ordained by thee,
 The great unbloody sacrifice,
 The deep tremendous mystery:
 Thyself in our enlightened eyes,
 Now in the broken bread make known,
 And shew us thou art all our own.

H Y M N VII.

*By the Mystery of thy holy Incarnation; by thy holy
 Nativity and Circumcision; by thy Baptism, Fast-
 ing, and Temptation; by thine Agony, and bloody
 Sweat; by thy Cross, and Passion; by thy precious
 Death, and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection,
 and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy
 Ghost, Good Lord, deliver us. Litany.*

- 1 **J**ESU, shew us thy salvation,
 (In thy strength we strive with thee)
 By thy mystic incarnation,
 By thy pure nativity,
 Save us thou, our New Creator,
 Into all our souls impart,
 Thy divine unfinning nature,
 Form thyself within our heart.

- 2 By thy first blood-shedding heal us;
 Cut us off from every sin,
 By thy circumcision seal us,
 Write thy law of love within;
 By thy spirit circumcise us;
 Kindle in our hearts a flame;
 By thy baptism now baptize us
 Into all thy glorious name.

By

- 3 By thy fasting and temptation
 Mortify our vain desires,
 Take away what sense, or passion,
 Appetite or flesh requires :
 Arm us with thy self-denial,
 Every tempted soul defend,
 Save us in the fiery trial,
 Make us faithful to the end.
- 4 By thy sorer sufferings save us,
 Save us when conform'd to thee,
 By thy miseries relieve us ;
 By thy painful agony :
 When beneath thy frown we languish,
 When we feel thine anger's weight
 Save us by thine unknown anguish,
 Save us by thy bloody sweat.
- 5 By that highest point of passion,
 By thy sufferings on the tree,
 Save us from the indignation
 Due to all mankind, and me :
 Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying.
 Gasping out thy latest breath,
 By thy precious death's applying,
 Save us from eternal death.
- 6 From the world of care release us,
 By thy decent burial save,
 Crucified with thee, O Jesus,
 Hide us in thy quiet grave :
 By thy power divinely glorious,
 By thy resurrection's power
 Raise us up o'er sin victorious,
 Raise us up to fall no more.
- 7 By the pomp of thine ascending,
 Live we here to heaven restor'd,
 Live in pleasures never ending,
 Share the portion of our Lord :

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By

Let us have our conversation,
 With the blessed spirits above,
 Savéd with all thy great salvation,
 Perfectly renewéd in love.

8 Glorious head, triumphant Saviour,
 High enthronéd above all height,
 We have now thro' thee found favour,
 Righteous in thy Father's sight:
 Hears he not thy prayer unceasing?
 Can he turn away thy face?
 Send us down thy purchaséd blessing,
 Fulness of the gospel-grace.

9 By the coming of thy spirit
 As a mighty rushing wind,
 Save us into all thy merit,
 Into all thy spotless mind;
 Let the perfect gift be givén,
 Let thy will in us be seen,
 Done on earth as 'tis in heavén:
 Lord thy spirit cries, Amen!

H Y M N VIII.

1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is king!
 Your Lord and King adore,
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love,
 When he had purgéd our stains,
 He took his seat above:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heavén;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus givén:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right-hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home:
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

H Y M N IX.

- 1 FATHER, God, we glorify
 Thy love to *Adam's* seed,
 Love that gave thy Son to die,
 And raised him from the dead,
 Him for our offences slain,
 That we all might pardon find;
 Thou hast brought to life again
 The Saviour of mankind.

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2 By

2 By thy own right-hand of power
 Thou hast exalted him,
 Sent the mighty conqueror,
 Thy people to redeem :
 King of saints, and Prince of peace,
 Him thou hast to sinners given,
 Sinners from their sins to bless,
 And lift them up to heavén.

3 Father, God, to us impart
 The gift unspeakable,
 Now in every waiting heart
 Thy glorious son reveal ;
 Quickened with our living Lord,
 Let us in thy spirit rise,
 Rise to all thy life restored,
 And thank thee in the skies.

H Y M N X.

1 O Jesu, our King,
 Thy glory we sing,
 Thy rising declare,
 And join in the pomp, and the benefit share,
 Thy conquest we feel,
 O'er death and o'er hell,
 Redeemed from the grave,
 We are bold to proclaim thee Almighty to save.

2 We know that our head
 Is risen indeed,
 Thy record receive,
 And raised by the power of thy spirit we live.
 Thy spirit attests
 The truth in our breasts,
 Thy witness imparts
 The first resurrection of faith in our heart.

3 Thou

3 Thou hast conquer'd beneath,
 The sharpness of death,
 Our souls to retrieve,
 And open the kingdom to all that believe.
 Believing on thee
 We rise from the tree,
 And heavenward move,
 And fly to thy throne on the wings of thy love.

4 Thy love that o'ercame
 Our sorrow and shame,
 And ransom'd our race,
 And sent thee to God to prepare us a place ;
 Follow after, it cries,
 To your place in the skies,
 By Immanuel led,
 Follow after, and suffer, and reign with your head;

H Y M N XI.

1 COME ye that seek the Lord.
 Him that was crucifi'd,
 Come listen to the gospel-word,
 And feel it now appli'd :

 To every soul of man
 The joyful news we shew,
 Jesus for every sinner slain,
 Is risen again for you.

2 The Lord is risen indeed,
 And did to us appear,
 He hath been seen, our living head,
 By many a *Peter* here.

 We, who so oft deni'd
 Our Master and our God,
 Have thrust our hand into his side,
 And felt the streaming blood.

- 3 Raised from the dead we are,
 The members with their Lord,
And boldly in his name declare
 The soul-reviving word ;

 Salvation we proclaim,
 Which every soul may find,
Pardon and peace in Jesu's name,
 And life for all mankind.

- 4 O might they all receive
 The bleeding Prince of peace ;
Sinners, the glad report believe
 Of Jesu's witnesses !

 He lives, who spilt his blood ;
 (Believe our record true)
The arm, the power, the Son of God
 Shall be revealed in you.

H Y M N XII.

- 1 **R**ISE all who seek the crucified,
 The God that once for sinners died,
 With lifted voice and heart adore,
Chasing our griefs, and sins, and fears,
 The Sun of Righteousness appears,
 Appears to set in blood no more.

- 2 To death deliveréd in our stead,
 For us he rises from the dead,
 And life to all his members brings !
He gives us, while he soars above,
 The dew of grace, the balm of love,
 And drops salvation from his wings.

- 3 This day the scripture is fulfilled,
 The Father now his son has sealed,
 And owned him for his son with power ;

God

God from the belly of the earth
Hath called him forth to second birth
Nor let the greedy deep devour.

- 4 Cast for our sins into the deep,
His life hath saved the sinking ship,
His life for ours a ransom given:
But lo! on the third joyful morn,
Our *Jonas* does for us return,
Emerging from his tomb to heav'n.

H Y M N XIII.

- 1 **B**REAK forth into praise!
Our surety and head,
His members to raise,
Hath rose from the dead:
The power of his spirit
Hath quicken'd our Lord,
That we by his merit
May all be restor'd.

- 2 Our Captain and King
With shouts we proclaim,
And joyfully sing
The wonderful name;
The name all-victorious
We publish and feel,
Triumphantly glorious
O'er sin, earth, and hell.

- 3 The power of his rise
We know and declare,
And rapt to the skies,
His happiness share;
In heavenly places
With Jesus we sit,
And Jesus's praises
With angels repeat.

- 4 We sing of his love
 While sojourning here,
 Till Christ from above
 Our Saviour appear;
 The heirs of salvation
 With triumph receive,
 In full consummation
 Of glory to live.

H Y M N XIV.

- 1 **Y**E men of *Israel* hear
 The words of truth and grace,
 Jesus did in the flesh appear
 To save a sinking race;

A man of God approvéd,
 By signs and wonders known,
 Jesus, the Father's well-belovéd,
 The co-eternal Son.

- 2 The Prince of life and peace,
 By heavén's supreme decree,
 Deliveréd up, ye daréd to seize,
 And nailéd him to the tree;

Taken by wicked hands,
 And crucifiéd and slain;
 But God hath looséd the mortal bands,
 And raiséd him up again,

- 3 It was not possible,
 That death should keep his prey;
 God would not leave his soul in hell,
 Or let his flesh decay:

His flesh reposéd in hope
 Of the third joyful morn,
 And then the Father raiséd him up,
 And God again was born,

- 4 This Jesus is restored
To life and power divine ;
We all proclaim our living Lord,
And in his praises join :

We are his witnesses,
He is gone up on high,
Exalted to his native place,
He lives no more to die.

- 5 Again at God's right-hand
Our Lord is called to sit,
Till all who now his sway withstand,
Are crushéd beneath his feet.

Be it to *Israel's* seed,
To every sinner known,
God hath performéd his oath indeed,
Hath glorifiéd his Son.

- 6 Sinners, believe he diéd,
And rose to buy your peace ;
Jesus, the Christ, the crucifiéd,
The Lord of life confels :

Repent in Jesu's name,
Believe, and be forgivén,
And take the Holy Ghost ye claim,
And rise with us to heavén.

H Y M N XV.

- 1 **C**H RIST our living head draw near,
At our call, Quicken all,
Thy true members here.

- 2 Filled with faith's eternal spirit,
Grant that we, Dead with thee,
May thy life inherit.

- 3 All thy resurrection's power,
All thy love, From above,
On thy servants shower.
- 4 Perfect love! we long to' attain it,
Following fast. If at last
We, even we may gain it.
- 5 Partners of thy death and passion,
O that we All might see,
All thy great salvation.
- 6 Saved beyond the dread of falling,
Let us rise, To the prize
Of our glorious calling.
- 7 Children of the resurrection,
Lead us on To the crown
Of our full perfection.
- 8 There where thou art gone before us,
Christ, our hope, Take us up,
To thy heaven restore us.

H Y M N XVI.

For Ascension-Day.

- 1 **A**LL hail the true *Elijah*,
The Lord our God and Saviour!
Who leaves behind,
For all mankind,
The token of his favour.

The never-dying prophet,
A while to mortals given,
This solemn day
Is rapt away
By flaming steeds to heaven.

2 Come

2 Come see the rising triumph,
And prostrate fall before him :
 He mounts, he flies
 Above the skies,
Where all his hosts adore him.

 Borne on his fiery chariot,
With joyful acclamation
 Pursue the Lord,
 To heaven restoréd,
The God of our salvation.

3 Who see their Lord at parting,
They shall on earth inherit
 A double power,
 A larger shówér
Of his descending spirit.

The spirit of our Master
Shall rest on each believer,
 And surely we,
 Our Master see,
Who lives and reigns for ever.

4 Yes, our exalted Jesus,
By faith we now adore thee,
 And still we sit,
 Before thy feet,
And triumph in thy glory.

In vain the flaming chariot
Hath parted us asunder ;
 We still through grace
 Behold thy face,
And shout our loving wonder.

- 5 By faith we catch the mantle,
 The covering of his spirit
 By faith we wear,
 And gladly share
 Thine all-involving merit.

We rest beneath thy shadow,
 Till by the whirlwind driven,
 From earth we rise,
 And mount the skies,
 And grasp our Lord in heaven.

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F I N I S.

